

Easter Feels by OTTSTF

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Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Easter eggs.

They're a simple gesture, right?

Sure, unless you'd been brought up as a lab rat for twelve years - in which case, such a simple gift could mean *a lot* to you.

Easter Feels

Author's Note:

I *actually* managed to get a time-based story out on the day!

Commence self-patting on back

This ended up being a *lot* longer than I ever expected it to be! What started out as such a simple idea turned into a decent-sized one-shot (in my books, at least).

That makes me happy.

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"Mike!" El jumps up from the sofa, knowing who the knock is from (seeing as Hopper's over on the dining table, head buried in papers).

The locks slip open under her demand, the door swinging open as she races towards Mike. His visits are often, but they're no less excited each time.

"El!" he calls back as he catches the girl in his arms, stepping back slightly as to not end up falling back down the porch stairs.

She pulls back after a moment, looking into the bag Mike holds in his right hand.

"What have you brought?" she asks curiously as she tugs on his hand, leading him to the sofa.

Mike smiles as he takes a seat, handing the bag to her.

"Happy Easter, El."

Her eyes widen as she looks into the bag.

"Easter?"

Mike's taken aback. Has Hopper really not taught her about Easter? He gets that he may not follow the whole religious side of things

(Mike's not too sure where he stands on that himself) but Easter... it's like Christmas!

"Hopper hasn't told you about Easter?" he asks, shocked.

"No." she informs him. "But I've seen some things on TV. A lot of chocolate."

Mike laughs slightly. "Yeah. Lots of it." he hints towards the bag with a nod.

"You... got me Easter eggs?" she finally asks, looking properly at the contents.

"Yeah! Why wouldn't I?"

She smiles as she removes one of the three boxes from the bag.

"I got one for each of us. You, me, and Hop."

"Hold up, you got me an egg?" Hopper asks from the table. Mike nods his head in response.

"Oh *now* you're talking!" he climbs out of his seat, coming over to the sofa.

They both laugh as the man observes the three different brands.

"Which ones are you two having?"

They both glance at each other, El's expression telling Mike she expects him to choose for them.

"Take your pick, El." he tells her. "Any one."

She eyeballs the three different brands, unsure of which to pick.

"I... don't know what they're like."

"Well, the eggs are pretty much the same no matter which you pick." he tells her.

"But they usually come with a chocolate bar or two as well. You can have mine too to try it and see what you like."

She smiles, nodding her head. At that, she picks one of the boxes.

"This one."

"Good choice." Mike says. "They're amazing. What about you?" he then asks Hopper.

"Oh, uh, I'll snatch this one then." he responds, originally planning to take whichever was last available.

Mike then opens the last, watching as does so with hers.

"Why?" she asks suddenly.

"Huh?" Mike asks, confused.

"These." she gestures with her egg. "Why did you get us eggs?"

"Because it's Easter!" he says, as if that answers it.

"Yeah, but, did you get eggs for everyone else, too?"

"No, we don't..." he stalls, realising where this could go. "It's not something we usually do."

"Then why did you get *me* them?" her face grows ever so curious.

"Well, because..." he stalls again, not sure of what to use as an excuse.

"I thought that I should, since this is your first real Easter, and all. I wanted to share it with you."

Her smiles grows as she takes his words in. She's still not used to having people care about her, despite living with Hopper for well over a year now – him being her official father for four months now.

"Thank you, Mike." she says, laying her egg down to wrap her arms around him in a hug.

Mike feels his heart swell at the affection, always amazed at how much the simplest of things can mean to her. It makes sense, having been locked up for twelve years, but it never fails to make him happy when he helps her experience something new for the first time.

"You're welcome, El." he smiles as he returns the hug.

She eventually pulls back slightly, but takes a moment to place a quick kiss onto his lips. Mike's response is immediate – eyes widened, cheeks heated. He looks over to Hopper just in time to see the man roll his eyes. Hopper has to hold back his laughter at the reaction from Mike, especially the need to look over at him to make sure he wasn't about to throw him out or something.

"I..." El starts, but hesitates seeing the response from Mike, specifically the way he looked to Hopper. She knows that's a panic, the whole "no funny business in front of me" rule running through her head. She looks over to Hopper, who looks as if he's about to roll his eyes again.

Oh, there it is.

"Oh, just say it." he shakes his head in disbelief. *Too soon*, he thinks to himself, although with these two, perhaps not. They've been through a lot; saving each-other from literal death *multiple times*.

She looks back to Mike, confidence slowly building up inside her from the *encouragement* of her father – the last thing she'd expected.

"I..." she still hesitates, but sucks up the anxiety. "I love you, Mike."

What's a heartbeat? Mike wonders as he feels his heart leap out his throat. He's been wondering, ever since the snowball, how to admit his love for her. *And she's just done it over Easter eggs?*

He's in disbelief. One, he never thought he'd hear the words directed at him in his life. Now he's here, and the most amazing girl he's ever met just said it to him.

Two, he realises just how much the simplest things really can mean to her. The simple act of giving her presents can be overwhelming for her – he learned that at Christmas – but he tends to forget that. Having taken such things for granted his entire life, her reactions to such things always catches him off-guard. She'd teared up at Christmas, far too overwhelmed by the sheer amount of care and love she'd received. Going from being used as a tool, not knowing what

even a *friend* is, to suddenly being loved and cared about by so many people... that was a lot for her, in a good way – *The best way*. Now, she's not *too* overwhelmed. She's known her feelings for Mike for a while, but she's been worried he might not think the same. But here, seeing his reaction, his hesitation sometimes, she hopes now is the perfect time for it.

And it is. Mike forgets how to human as he hears her voice loop in his head. *I love you, Mike. I love you, Mike*. Over and over. The reality hits him, that Hopper damn well encouraged her to just say it. So she must've been trying to find the perfect way to say those words as well. He feels his lips stretch as the feeling sinks in.

"I uh..."

He still can't speak, however.

"I... I love you too, El." he finally manages to command his lips. "So much, so so much."

She pretty much jumps at him for another kiss, hearing his words, feeling overjoyed that he *does* feel the same way. She'll never understand how she got so lucky – going from lab rat to having a *boyfriend* – the word is going to be overwhelming for her for a while, she's sure – in shortly over a year.

"Jesus Christ." Hopper mumbles from the table, rising. The two of them separate immediately, as if suddenly remembering the man exists.

"Thanks for the egg, Wheeler, but I'm getting out of here before I choke on the fluff between you two."

With that, he tosses on his coat and hat, and leaves the cabin without another word. He does laugh slightly as he strolls away – he'd not intended to leave at such a *perfect* time, but now is about when he should be headed to work anyway.

El and Mike both stare at the door for a moment, in utter shock of the few second's events. A kiss, much deeper than they've previously shared, followed by Hopper... *leaving them alone?*

Is he feeling okay?

They both look at each-other in sync, and they break down in laughter. Happiness swelling up as they take in the fact that they've finally shared those three important words, but laughter from the reaction of Hopper, which neither of them would have ever expected.

They know he's right, though. Things are only going to get a lot more... *fluffier, as he'd put it* – from here on. And neither of them can contain their excitement.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading! I hope I've not rotted your teeth too much :/

If you enjoyed, please let me know with a kudo! If you've got the time, please consider dropping a comment. Every single bit of feedback makes a writer's day, and each comment puts the dumbest smile on my face, without fail.

I love you all so much ♥